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LITERARY.

OLIVE BRANCH.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

Written expressly for the Banner of Progress.

BY FANNY GREEN M'DUGAL.

CHAPTER III.

"Base Envy withers at another's joy,
And hates that excellence it cannot reach." Thomson.

By this time Olive began to awake; and, with the sight, Mrs. Branch recovered herself, for the ill-nature that refused to waste itself on the insensible girl was stimulated by her returning consciousness.

"Got out of my sight as quick as you can!" she cried, addressing the helpless one.

"There, can't you walk now?" she added, dragging Olive from the couch, and placing her on her feet; but the limbs bent like reeds, and refused to support her, while the poor girl, who, by a refinement of cruelty, had been apparently revived only for a new torture, again relapsed into insensibility.

"She will never be anything but a trouble!" continued Mrs. Branch. "Come, come! exert yourself!" she added, rudely shaking Olive by the arm, but it was in vain; no effort could rouse her.

"I hate these hysterical people!" resumed Mrs. Branch. "I despise this milk-and-water constitution! Thank heaven, I have not weak nerves!"

But, with this pious ejaculation, she forgot to bless God for the gift of a hard and cruel heart. Then ringing the bell violently, she swept out of the room with an air of offended majesty. Directly she returned, and fixing her eyes on the farmer, she said, with a look and gesture of strong determination, "Let me tell you, Solomon Sharp, not to meddle with my business! I didn't hire you to carry on my farm for a counselor; so keep your advice to yourself, and a decent tongue in your head, or your place will be vacant by the next advent."

"Der you think yer a goin' to skeer me?" retorted Solomon, in the low, deep, gruff tones which made a remarkable quality in his voice, and which he instinctively knew how to use with effect. "No, Deborah Branch!" he continued, interposing an arm between her and Olive; "I stand here in the place of William Hammond, an' I'm bound ter take keer of this child o' his'n; so none o' yer flummery; for if every acre of God's airth was a slidin' right aout from under my feet, I never'd do a thing else; so if you really gwine ter cheat the Devil you've mistook the person, Miss Branch. That's all. Now if you can tell wher she's goin' ter be put, I'll care her ter bed, for its a thousand pities she should be here, ter be sure! But if the truth was known, an' honest folks was rogues, some other folks'd ha' been in the garret an' she'd a been here."

Thus saying, he again raised the girl from the couch, and, bidding a servant follow him, he carried her to the miserable attic, where she lodged; then, without orders, he summoned the family physician; and, having seen that everything was made as comfortable as the circumstances would admit, he took leave; on his way out meeting Matilda, fully equipped for the ball, leaning languidly on the arm of her gallant, who was no other than Wilfred Holmes. She shrunk away on seeing him, lest she should again encounter his scorching rebukes, but not before he had called out after her: "Wouldn't you look a good deal potter to God, an' angels, an' all good men, if you should take off them furbelows an' try to brush up, an' make that old garret a little more comfortable? Spes'n you should take it inter your head to watch to-night with that poor little sick cousin o' yours?"

"What cousin? indeed!" asked Wilfred, catching quickly at the word; for his mind turned instinctively to the lovely image of Olive.

"O, nothing at all!" she answered, "only the banter of that old bushwhacker. He takes care of one of mother's farms, and we tolerate his impudence because he is so honest."

But this did not satisfy the gentleman. His suspicions were awakened; and his interest in the young orphan was excited in precisely the same ratio with her attempt to stifle it.

The sound sleep of the young patient proved to be the premonitory symptoms of a brain fever. Mrs. Branch, who had been exercised almost ever since the first attack, in studying all kinds of recipes for the removal of stains, and had compounded various chemical preparations for the unfortunate counterpane, heard this news announced by the physician early the next morning with a degree of incredulity to an almost insane resistance to the truth; and the reaction of this was an equally insane fear of contagion. But through all, she saw only the trouble that would come to the house, and the danger to herself and her darling Matilda. Her selfishness overruled her so entirely that she seemed to forget the poor little sufferer, or to remember her only as a culprit, who had caused all this trouble and misfortune. It was in vain the physician urged upon her the truth that there was no danger; that the disease was not infectious. She resolutely determined that there was; and

this was a convenient excuse for abandoning Olive to the care of menials. The physician, who, like many others, had a kind of negative goodness, very delicately remonstrated with Mrs. Branch.

"I appreciate your kind feeling, Dr. Windermere," said the lady, putting on one of her most sanctimonious looks, for she was reputedly very pious—being not only a patroness, but a mover of many benevolent enterprises, and in certain cases an ostentatious reliever of beggars; especially when there was company present, or they came to the front door. "I really do appreciate your kindness," continued Mrs. Branch. "There is nothing I do admire so much as true generosity of feeling, though I have suffered for it all my life. I am very tender-hearted; and if I should go into that room and see the child taking on so, it would unfit me for everything. The mistress of a family, Doctor, must husband her strength. She must not be partial in her favors. She must seek the good of all."

Alas, for the Doctor! he was silenced, though not convinced. He wished to do right if right could be done without sacrifice; but a good fee is a wonderful solvent in such cases. As he stood apparently balancing it with his conscience, Solomon Sharp, who had entered some minutes before, pressed forward.

"That's all talk an' no cider; so don't you b'lieve a word on 't, Doctor!" was his first salutation; and then, as if he would not deign to utter another word, he swung out of the room, leaving the indignant lady to explain and apologize.

CHAPTER IV.

"They who are lost to outward sense
Have but flung off their robes of clay,
And, clothed in heavenly radiance,
Attend us on our lowly way." G. S. Burleigh.

"Such is the use and noble end of friendship,
To bear a part in every storm of fate,
And, by dividing, make the lighter weight." Tupper.

And so Olive was left to the tender mercies of ignorant and servile minds. Uncle Sol, as he was familiarly called, looked in sometimes once or twice a day; and, indeed, he made several visits to Portland for that very purpose; but he could do little more than smooth out the bed-clothes, and lay his hard rough hand on her burning forehead and whisper, "Poor little gal! Poor child!" and often, as he looked on her, the tears fell over his embrowned and channeled cheek. But no really generous mind, acquainted with the cruel tyranny that was dissolving that young life in its unmingled bitterness, could have wished for her restoration. Her insensible state—even her wildest ravings—now appeared, for the most part, blissful; for her spirit seemed to enjoy a reunion with her parents, as if she were blest with their actual presence. And, doubtless, they were near at hand, healing the broken heart, and strengthening the young soul for its future warfare. It was a touching and pitiful sight to see her bright, burning eyes softening with tears, and to hear her sweet, low, loving murmur, as she apparently embraced them. Who could have been so hard of heart as to wake her from that blissful dream to a consciousness of the bitter reality?

Her physician often wept as he looked on her; and even the cross old nurse, and the other servants, were so moved by her sad fantasies that they actually made them an excuse for neglecting her. They declared it was most like seeing a ghost, or an angel, and not like any mortal being whatever. The old Irish nurse, with a dubious shake of the head, declared that Olive was breathed on by the Banshee; and they all reported that it so unsettled their nerves to be with her, it made them unfit for anything else. So they just administered the drink and doses at stated times—when they were not forgotten—and for the most part left the sweet sufferer to better care—that of the angels.

A young daughter of Mrs. Branch, a child of only twelve years, was the only being in the family who had any human feeling for the poor orphan; and she really loved her. It was strange that one so tender, gentle, delicate, and loving, could have been the offspring of that cold, iron-hearted woman; but Linette, or little Linnie, as she was usually called, inherited her father's warmth, and more than his truth of heart. And for this very reason, doubtless, she was barely tolerated by her mother, who bestowed all her affections on her own daguerreotype in heart, mind, and person, the cold and cruel Matilda. There was, then, a double tie which bound these two young hearts together. But Mrs. Branch, perceiving their affection for each other, sought, by every means in her power, to disturb or destroy it; yet this, perhaps, was not so much the effect of malice as of her own constitutional coldness. Linnie was, for the most part, kept away at school; often not being permitted to spend even her vacations at home. It fortunately happened that this was one; and, as Olive was too ill to enjoy the society of her young cousin, the latter was permitted to remain without the least suspicion that the child would voluntarily sacrifice her few days of liberty, which she usually enjoyed with so much zest, for the purpose of watching in that little dark room with a poor, suffering outcast!

How little they knew the strength of a true and pure affection! The next morning after Linnie's

return soft steps were stealing carefully up the steep, dark staircase. The door opened without a jar. The child then paused and listened, for she was acting without permission, and even against implied, though not expressed orders. She heard nothing, however, but the screeching of the piano, on which Miss Matilda was immolating a piece of fashionable music, relieved occasionally by the grum voice of her mother, scolding the servants, away down in the basement.

She advanced to the bedside; and the next moment the sunny, flaxen curls of Linnie were mingling with the bright golden locks now flung in beautiful disorder over the pillow of the sufferer; and the tears of the child wet the burning cheek of that forlorn one. Olive, as if roused by the instinct of a genial presence, opened her eyes, fixing them on Linnie with such a wild and vague expression that it terrified her. But, strengthened by her love, she put her tender arms round the sufferer and drew the hot and throbbing head to her bosom, whispering softly: "It is Linnie, dear Olive! Do you not know her? It is your own dear, darling Linnie!"

The familiar voice, the sweet and earnest face, and frequent kisses, seemed to rouse a feeble effort at recognition; but it was transitory. Sinking on her knees, the child, with her arms folded on the burning hands that were thrown over the bedside, prayed to God that He would restore her dear cousin; and then, in lower, deeper tones, she besought Him that he would make her mamma and sister kind to poor Olive, and love her. It was an exquisitely beautiful and touching picture; the purity, the innocence, the simple faith that shone in the lifted face, the clasped hands, and streaming eyes, all so rapt in prayer! She seemed, indeed, like some fair cherub drawn by sweetest pity to a world of sorrow, in which she had no tie but that of love. She heard not the approaching steps until nurse was actually standing before her.

"The blessed Saints and all the holy angels have mercy!" exclaimed the intruder. "You must go right down stairs this minnit, Miss Linnie! I'm ashamed o' ye, child, to disobey yer mamma, an' she so feared o' the fever, she gits no rest to the soul o' her feet, jist for sprinklin' the house with cologne, an' camphor, an' all kind o' biverages."

Linnie rose and softly threw her arms round the old woman, who had been in the family ever since, and long before, she was born, and had, in her way, a kind of maternal affection for the child. "Savin' the want of it where it should be," as she sometimes whispered confidentially to the other servant; an' besides," she would sometimes add, "little Linnie has sich a waywid her."

Linnie, who was too serious now to smile at the "biverages," only put her own fair cheek to the wrinkled vellum of the other's, whispering softly, "Do, please!—do let me stay with cousin Olive! She is so—so sick! I will not make the least noise! I will give her the medicine, and do everything for her just as you do!"

This entreaty, being seconded by a warm kiss, must have been addressed to one of a harder heart and less selfishness than Mrs. Connal had, to be resisted. I say of less selfishness, because the main object of nurse was to relieve herself of the tedium and terrors of so still and solemn a place; and therefore it was that she gave her assent to the proposition, and Linnie's "way" was honored with another triumph. She had little fear in making this arrangement, although she knew that mistress would be highly indignant should she discover it, for the child and niece were almost equally neglected; and Linnie was not likely, therefore, to be looked after. Mrs. Connal was, however, quite non-committal in her management, restricting herself, as it would seem, to a simple withdrawal of physical force.

"Why, to be sure," she said, "it's not for the like o' me to lay hands on ye! Doubtless ye must do as ye like; an' if ye choose to run the risk o' the burnin' fever, take the consequence; that's all." And with these words Linnie was fairly installed as the ministering nurse.

No sooner had Mrs. Connal gone down stairs, to relate the strange perversity of taste manifested by the child, to her colleagues in the kitchen, than Linnie, who had learned something of the virtues of water during a confinement from illness in the nursery of the school-room, began to make a practical application of her knowledge, by important alterations in the mode of treatment. This was a bold step for one of her years; but whether she was inspired by some good angel, or whether her own natural good sense dictated her measures, they were eminently successful. She bathed the parched skin very frequently, and was prompt in renewing the wet bandages, which she applied to the head as often as there was a sensible change in the temperature. She also gave the patient plentiful draughts of the freshest water she could procure. This was obtained by the assistance of a poor little servant boy, whom she paid for his extra work in bringing up the water and carrying out all that had been used, without the knowledge of any one; otherwise she could not have brought her plans to bear.

A salutary change soon came to be perceived; and, with the Doctor's next visit, the patient was pronounced decidedly better. The day after, just as the little nurse had completed the bathing pro-

cess, and sat down to rest a moment, and to observe more at her ease the favorable change which had evidently taken place, Olive suddenly opened her eyes. She did not, however, see her good little fairy; for Linnie had put a screen partly between them for the purpose of shading the sufferer from the only beam of light which was permitted to enter the room.

With reviving recollection, Olive seemed to have an idea of the extreme danger through which she had just passed, and, probably, of the exciting cause of her disease; for she clasped her pale hands together, and exclaimed: "O, why did they attempt to save me? Cruel, cruel! to prolong a life of misery!"

Whatever else she would have said, was whispered at intervals between the kisses of the overjoyed Linnie, who, for some time, could command only the practical language of caresses and tears.

But, at length, she exclaimed, "O, do not say so dearest, sweetest Olive! for isn't little Linnie's love worth living for?"

The sick girl, seeming to comprehend something of the spirit of her young cousin, and the cares she owed her, answered only by drawing her more closely to her bosom, and weeping with her. O, blessed was that full flow of love-awakened tears! for health and hope spanned them with irised hues. When poor Olive learned the devoted attentions of her little cousin, there did, indeed, seem to be a new motive almost worth living for; and she girded up herself for the sake of this dear child, and resolved to struggle on. From this time she was convalescent, though the shock her system had received made recovery a slow process.

* All our readers may not know that the Banshee is the Death demon of Ireland.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PHILOSOPHICAL.

(COMMUNICATED.)

IN WHAT CONSISTS THE DIFFERENCE?

NUMBER FOUR.

Those who have carefully examined the various systems of religion, as practiced by the Hebrews and some other nations known as idolatrous, have expressed much surprise at a palpable feature of sameness running through them. In many respects almost identical in form and feature. And when this has been witnessed by such as felt a deep and abiding interest in supporting the Hebrew side of the question, it has been said that the idolatrous nations had copied from the true religion. Now, it is well known that there was a wide separation of the Hebrews from other nations, and besides this the surrounding nations very much disliked the Hebrews; the more so, the better they were known; showing clearly the unfitness to serve for models. But there is more than this connected with the matter of similarity and copying. If anything of imitation was practiced, it must have been on the part of these self-righteous Hebrews themselves; because there exists a host of witnesses to prove conclusively, that the ritualistic ceremonies, feasts, fasts, and sacrifices, prevailed most extensively long anterior to Moses and the Scriptures.

"Josephus says in his writings, that Abraham taught the Egyptians their astronomy; therefore, as their religion was based on that science, or rather was identical with it, and the Hebrews the same, (Josephus being the judge), the two religions were the same, and had a common origin."

The "Types of Mankind" says, that "the Egyptian kingdom was in its glory 5,500 years ago." If proof of this statement is required, it can be abundantly supplied by witnesses who cannot falsify, or in the least deviate from the exact truth in all that is desired of them. There stand the monuments, and there they have stood from a remote antiquity, inscribed all over with figures of various devices, among which are those of the bull, the lion, the scorpion, the crab, the goat, the ram, the virgin, the balance; and other signs of the zodiac are often found, affording the clearest evidence not only of the antiquity of the monuments themselves, but also of the possession of astronomical knowledge by those who thus placed the picture writing upon their enduring sides. On the banks of the Nile, then, we are to look for the earliest manifestations of the religious idea, which has spread itself over the entire habitable globe, and imbued the minds of all nations, kindred, and tongue, with a specific form of worship, slightly modified in after ages to suit altered circumstances, or superseded, as was the case with the Greek pagan worship, by the Christian form. We have indubitable evidence that the ancient Egyptians possessed a complete system of symbol-worship, which has its ramifications in every section, clime, and district of the earth, and furnished laws and creeds to all the innumerable sects of the world. Draper, in his "Intellectual Development of Europe," says: "Do we ask any proof of the condition of art to which the Egyptians had attained at the time of their earliest monuments, the masonry of the Great Pyramid, built thirty-four hundred years before Christ, has never yet been surpassed. So accurately was that wonder of the world laid down and constructed, that at this day the variation of the compass may actually be determined by the position of its sides; yet when Jacob went into Egypt, that pyramid had been built as many centuries as have intervened from the birth of Christ to the present day. If we turn from the monuments to their inscriptions, there are renewed evidences of antiquity. The hieroglyphic writing had passed through all its stages of formation; its principles had become ascertained and settled long

before we get the first glimpse of it; the decimal and duo-decimal systems of arithmetic were in use, the arts necessary in hydraulic engineering, massive architecture, and the ascertainment of the boundaries of land, had reached no insignificant degree of perfection. Indeed, there would be but very little exaggeration in affirming that we are practically as near the early Egyptian ages as Herodotus himself. Well might the Egyptian priests say to the earliest Greek philosophers, You Greeks are mere children, talkative and vain; you know nothing of the past." The first glimpse we get of star-worship, which forms the true basis of all the ancients knew of astronomy, is found to be in the observance by the dwellers on the Nile of the annual appearance of the star Sirius; which came to its position at a given point of time, just at the rising of the sun. This occurrence was of paramount interest to the people, because of its immediate connection with the commencement of the flow of the waters of the Nile, which, by its effects upon the land, gave them the only means of sustaining life; they therefore came to the conclusion that the presence of the Dog Star was not only a sign of the flow, but the cause thereof. And as this took place at periods of about 360 days, they made this the length of the year, the first determination of its length. They gave this star two names. Because it told them of approaching disaster they gave it the title Thaaot or Tayaut, the dog; also that of Barker, and monitor. It was furthermore known as the Nile Star. That which induced the Egyptians to become astronomers led them to the arts of painting, and picture writing. Their close observance of the heavens for a lengthened period had furnished them with sufficient knowledge of the watery element, to enable them to properly regulate their agriculture, guarding against losses or surprises by their watchfulness, and only liable to suffer when an insufficient flow of the river occurred. It was a custom among the Egyptians to give symbolical names to such things as served them for rules; this custom led them to delineate, after a fashion, the figures of the symbols, that the people might be made acquainted with all that it became important to do, where matters were embraced that it was not safe to be in error about. Such service was attended to by a select number of persons, who were set apart for that especial calling, and received a remuneration at the public expense for studying the phases of the heavenly bodies and making known to the people the results of their observations.

Herein we discover the first step in the priestly class of ancient Egypt. Here is the origin of the famous tower in which that company was wont to assemble for the sole purpose of working up and delineating the symbols according to the public regulations. That noted structure which has excited the wonder of nations since, was by them called the Labarynt; that is, the tower, the palace. Owing to the importance given to the Dog Star, the Egyptians dated the beginning of their year from its rising; calling it door-keeper, the star which opens and shuts, ending one year, as it were, and commencing another; this idea was represented by the figure of a key.

J. D. PIERSON.

(COMMUNICATED.)

A PHILOSOPHICAL REVIEW OF THE RELIGIONS OF MANKIND.

NUMBER FOUR.

We are not acquainted with any religion, or form of doctrine, which has not had a connecting link with a religion or doctrine which preceded it. Christianity grew out of Judaism, and afterwards blended with paganism and other forms of worship, and became the Catholicism of the Church of Rome, from which have sprung into being the numerous sects of Protestant Christianity. Judaism and Christianity were the parents of Mahomedanism, and from this source has Mormonism sprung into being. In reviewing a faith, which has become a synonym for sensuality and credulity, there could be no excuse, did it not furnish a good example of how religions are made and maintained; having this advantage, too, that it lies handy at our doors, and it is not necessary to stir up the rubbish of ages, or dust down the cobwebs of antiquity in order to get at it.

About forty years ago, an obscure young man, unknown to the world, came forth with the announcement, that he, like the prophets we had read about, had received a revelation from an angel concerning some plates on which was written the history of an ancient race of people, accompanied by a command to establish anew the Christian faith with all its primitive virtues and pretensions. In order that mankind might be enabled to exercise to its fullest extent that great Christian virtue—faith, nothing, or very little, was known of his character; he presents no vouchers for his veracity, but with all the dignity of a prophet whose word it would be blasphemy to doubt, delivers his *ipse dixit*. Like Hilkiah, the High Priest, he finds a book; like Ezra, he transcribes it, for no one can do so but himself, he alone possessing the Urim and Thummim, the theological philosopher's stone, which can transform all baser metals into pure gold, all unintelligible nonsense into words of wisdom—the wisdom of God, which unto man is foolishness (1 Cor. 1: 18-31). From amongst his followers, eleven were selected, whose names were given to the world in a preface to the book as witnesses to the truth of its pretensions. Out of these eleven, five belonged to the Whittier, and three to the Smith families.

Why were these testimonies not put in the form of an affidavit, and sworn to before a Justice of the Peace? Why is it that there is neither date nor place attached? Probably a consistency in their imitation of the Bible; they found it obscure and uncertain in regard to dates and everything of which it treats, and must needs follow the worthy example. But to what do they testify? The three witnesses testify, First: That they had seen the plates which

contain this record. They had seen plates, very likely; but how could they say that they contain this record? Second: We also know that they have been translated by the gift and power of God, for his voice hath declared it unto us. Wonderful men! they were so well acquainted with God, that they knew the very sound of his voice! could tell, too, that the Book of Mormon was a translation, without being able to decipher the first one of the curious hieroglyphics, which we suppose were on the plates. To be able to tell whether one book be a translation of another, it is necessary that we should understand both in their original languages. Third: They had seen the engravings which were upon the plates. Hundreds have seen plates with curious engravings on them, which none could read, and so might they. But did they know them to be the plates which Smith had found? Fourth: They have been shown unto us by the power of God, not of man. This phrase, "power of God," is very indefinite; according to theologians, everything that transpires is by the power of God; and how any supernatural power was required, to see a few gold or brass plates, is more than I can understand; but I am natural-minded. Fifth: An angel came down from heaven, and he brought and laid before our eyes. We have to guess at the meaning of this sentence, and take the meaning to be that an angel came to them, and laid the plates before their eyes; though they do not say they saw the angel come from heaven; nor do they say what he laid before their eyes. I am inclined to think that it was done in a dream, as the angels used to do in the Bible stories. I remember once hearing an Elder, in England, testify that he had seen and conversed with "Joseph, the prophet," since he was shot in Carthage jail; questioning him on the subject afterwards, I found that it had all been done in a dream, which of course robbed it of all its marvelousness. So, to be as charitable as possible with the veracious witnesses, it is very likely that they dreamed it.

The testimony of the eight is even more obscure and less to the point. First: The translator of the work had shown the plates, which had the appearance of gold. Nothing remarkable in that. Plates are easily manufactured, and we have only Smith's word to show that they were the plates he had received from the angel. Second: As many of the leaves as Smith had translated they had handled with their hands. That is, as many as Smith was pleased to say he had translated, for they knew nothing of it. Third: That there were engravings thereon, of the appearance of ancient work and curious workmanship. Which easily might have been; and strange it would have been, if there had not been some such workmanship. None but the most bungling of managers would have exhibited plates of what they were represented to possess. Fourth: That they had seen and hefted, and knew, that Smith had got the plates of which they had spoken. And what if they had; were they or we any the wiser for it? Any nearer knowing that Smith had got them from God or an angel? Not any of the eleven give anything more than Joseph Smith's simple say-so. It is also worthy of remark, that what it required the power of God to enable the three to see, the eight see without acknowledging any such assistance; not only see, but "handle and heft."

But whether the Book of Mormon be a fabrication, or a true translation of the plates, which the witnesses say he possessed, it brings us but little nearer to the knowledge of a true guide in religion and morals; for, acknowledging that the book is a translation of the plates, we are sure that the plates told a true story? Aside from the marvelousness connected with the translation, and other wonderful things related by Smith, is there in it what, by its candor and probability, commends itself to our belief? We find in it monstrous tales—more so, even, than the celebrated story of Jonah and the whale. A spindle stuck through a ball moves along, as we read of things moving in the Arabian Nights Entertainments, and acts the part of a guide to the travelers, as the pillars of fire and cloud did to the Israelites. Of a more wonderful boat than Noah's, for it had a hole in the top and in the bottom, and went through the sea like a whale—what a whale! these and many more such, remind us of the fairy stories, the exaggerated Munchausen yarns, which please childhood so much. They are too puerile, too absurd, to be received as facts of veritable history; but not more so than many stories related in the Bible.

The discovery of the ruins of cities in Central America, by Stephens and Calderwood, was received in ecstasies by the advocates of the Mormon faith, as corroborative evidence of the truth of the book; but it would require something more wonderful yet, to make us believe in impossibilities; for though Isaiah may have been a prophet and Babylon and Nineveh be found in ruins, yet who believes the sun went backward in its course, to suit the whim and caprice of a single individual? Who, indeed, but those whose range of thought is fenced in on one side by the fear of God, and on the other by the fear of the Devil? Priest-bound and priest-trained and educated, they are afraid to doubt for fear of being damned. Belief and credulity having thus full power over all their reasoning faculties, no fallacy is too absurd for its reception, and everything mystical, whether above, beyond, or contrary to reason, if it only has a "thus saith the Lord" affixed, is received in good faith.

But the Mormon faith is based on another kind of evidence, more satisfactory and worthy the attention of the rational mind. It is that on which primitive Christianity, as well as Mormonism, based the truth of its pretensions, found in the following passages: "And these signs shall follow them that believe: In my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover." Mark 16: 17-18. "My doctrine is not mine, but His that sent me. If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself." John 7: 17. Whether the phenomena, claimed by Christianity and Mormonism, be proofs of their Divine origin, will be examined next.

(COMMUNICATED.)

IS SPIRITUALISM RELIGION?

On most lines of public travel clergymen are carried at half the usual rates of fare, out of respect to their holy calling and self-denying labors. On some of these lines the same courtesy is extended to Spiritualist lecturers, while by others it is denied, on the ground that Spiritualism is not a religion, and Spiritualists are not recognized as a religious body or people.

Perhaps this position is taken on the technical ground that the word religion, being from the roots *re* and *ligo*, to bind again, cannot be applied to Spiritualists, because they reject the dogma of popular theology that man has lapsed from his original purity and has become alienated from God even to total depravity, but fondly cherish the belief that the Infinite one is a loving Father to all his children, and even when wayward He administers wholesome discipline, but never pursues with dire vengeance.

But taking a practical common-sense view of the matter, what is religion but systematic moral culture by public exercises? The Spiritualists have regular Sunday homilies on the nature, character and destiny of the soul, and the probable effects of moral and immoral conduct on its future condition. They also make great efforts to instruct children in these matters, as well as other branches of useful knowledge suited to their age, in their Children's Progressive Lyceum.

Now, if a portion of our common carriers see fit to make invidious distinctions between orthodox clergymen and Spiritualist lecturers, on the ground that Spiritualism is not religion, they have the power so to do, and it is a small matter of money. But let us look a little further: our patriotism has been stimulated by the fondly cherished idea that we lived under a government whose highest law provides that "Congress shall make no law respecting the establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." Now, if it be ruled that the afore-said Spiritualist exercises cannot be classed as religion, the pious invocation of the *Alla California*, made some months ago, that the spirit of Cotton Mather, and the inquisitorial powers of the seventeenth century might be called in to suppress the public exercises of the Spiritualists, may actually be put in force against us.

JOHN ALLYN.

The Banner of Progress.

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BENJAMIN TODD & CO., PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

BENJAMIN TODD, W. H. MANNING, EDITORS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications designed for publication in this paper should be addressed to "EDITORS OF THE BANNER OF PROGRESS." All letters in regard to the business of the paper should be addressed to "BENJAMIN TODD & CO."

The Philosophy of Religious Revivals.

Having completed our review of the phenomena of revivalism, we now come to consider and explain the philosophy of their production. We started out with the assertion that Mesmerism and Psychology were the causes; and we think that all who have investigated these sciences, or who will attend closely to our explanation of the same, will admit that we have made good our claim. It cannot be expected that we should go back and trace up the history of the development of these sciences, in the brief review we make of them. Nor is it necessary that we should do so, as there are plenty of works extant which treat of them to as great a length as the most uninformed could desire.

What is Mesmerism, and what is Psychology? We reply, they describe powers by which mind controls mind. Many individuals misapprehend the operations, because they are ignorant of the powers. For the same reason, the opponents of Spiritualism are ever ready to exclaim, "O, it is all Mesmerism and Psychology!" And thus, they think, they have solved the whole problem. Ask them what these powers are, and they cannot tell. They are as ignorant as a child unborn of what they claim to know all about. We grant that the mental, and, to a certain extent, the physical phenomena of Spiritualism are produced by both of these powers. But on this point we will speak at another time. The magical means, by which such wonderful things are accomplished by the mind, are the nervous, vital forces of the system, or what is commonly called the *nervous-vital fluid*, which circulates in the nervous system, as the blood circulates in the arterial and venous system. But it is not the *nervous-vital fluid* which controls; that is simply the agent, by which the positive mind controls the negative, or controls its own body. It would be just as inconsistent to say, that the nervous fluid was the controlling power, as that the electrical current, which permeates the telegraph wire, is the source of the intelligent communication. Through this agency, every muscle of the human frame is obedient to the mind, which, like a mighty monarch, sits enthroned, and telegraphs at will to the remotest part of the body. Not so much as a fiber of the system can receive an injury, without the mind being cognizant of the fact. It rallies its forces at once, and rushes to the part assailed, and commences to repair the injury. This *nervous-vital fluid* is constantly passing out of the body, and forms what is called a "nerve-aura" around it. To the clairvoyant, the person, in the midst of this nerve-aura, looks much as the sun does to the natural eye, when shining through a fog at noonday. The power of the mind or will over this subtle fluid is immense. The arm, which at one moment swings lackadaisically at our side, may at the next instant have concentrated in its muscles almost the entire vital force of the body. An instant more only is necessary to send it to some other part of the body, and then the arm that contained it just before is almost like that of a new-born infant. Again, the power of the will is not confined to the control of this subtle agency while in the system, but it can expel the fluid rapidly from the body. In order to ascertain this fact beyond a doubt, one has only to refer to his own experience in the past. Who that has arrived to the stature of manhood or womanhood, has not at some time seen a dear friend or child in danger, and put forth so mighty an effort to relieve them as to produce a faintness immediately after? For instance, you have seen a friend knocked down by some heavy weight, that was fast crushing out his life; the relief must have been instantaneous, or it would have been too late. And yet the weight of the article was so great that, under ordinary circumstances, you would have unhesitatingly declared the impossibility of removing it. But the exigency of the case called forth the utmost power of the will or mind, and it gathered all the vital forces of the body for the mighty effort that must be made, to relieve your friend from the danger. And it then required hours of rest to replenish the vital energies of the body through the natural channels, and restore it to a perfect equilibrium. But it is not in severe physical exercise alone that these vital forces are rapidly expended; but during strong mental efforts, the fluid is thrown off in profusion, and that portion emanating from the

brain at such times generally assumes a luminous appearance, as it radiates from the head. Here we have the key to the influence that a strong psychological speaker has over his audience, especially these evangelists; the constant excitement that pervades their minds in one direction, the concentration of all their thoughts upon one subject. Hence, when he makes those strong and earnest appeals to the people, he sends his psychological power with his voice, and the magnetic influence of his brain goes floating through the audience, and finds a lodgment in every other brain that is mesmerically weaker than his own.

In our next article, which will probably conclude the series on this subject, we shall continue the discussion of the points already raised; and also endeavor to show how, by this power, we may correctly ascertain the moral status of every individual we meet, in spite of all their aptitude at deception.

Mr. Earle.

We see in the *San Jose Mercury*, that the Rev. Mr. Earle, the celebrated revivalist, has, in his religious peregrinations, at last reached that city. We feel sometimes like exclaiming, When will people cease to be hoodwinked and fooled in this matter of religion? For, of all the fools in this world, the religious ones are most to be pitied; so great is their mortification when they return to their normal condition, after one of those periods of religious excitement. Judging from some portions of the article in the *Mercury*, the editor of that paper has but little faith in any good results flowing from such efforts. After acknowledging the necessity of reformation in San Jose, he closes his article with the following language: "The want of some saving system, that will reach and raise to higher levels of humanity the vile outcasts of society, is the one thing above all others that the world now needs." A few lines above, he rather flatters the Rev. gentleman's vanity by giving him the glory of "converting hundreds" in various places. We think there is more truth than poetry in the remark, and that it is indeed his (Earle's) work, rather than the Almighty's.

There are one or two questions we would very much like to have answered by the advocates of these religious revivals. If it is God's work, why cannot He use any of His ministers just as well as Mr. Earle? Does God keep especial company with Rev. Mr. Earle—going into a city only when Mr. Earle goes, and leaving as soon as he leaves? Such an idea is too much like the old tale of Moses and God being on the mountain together. And that story is the veriest stuff.

"No Charity"—A Mistake.

Some people have said we were uncharitable in our expressions toward the religious sects, while unmasking their errors and showing them up to the people. Let us say, once for all, that, as far as individuals are concerned, we have any amount of charity for them. Still further, we pity them from the bottom of our heart, because they are so deluded as to think their sectarian, bigoted ideas bear a resemblance to real religion, or even to Christianity. But, for the errors that have held them in thralldom so many years, and that are continually forging heavier and stronger chains, thus loading down these poor victims, we have no charity whatever. Our determination is to wage a constant warfare with error, wherever we find it. Nor shall "the veils of their temples hide their deformity." The sacerdotal robes of a holy priesthood shall be torn away, and their heart-errors uncovered to the gaze of the world. There is a day coming when all error and wrong shall cease—when the imprisoned multitudes of the human family shall walk forth in freedom, and Truth shall light her holy fires on the altars where Error dies.

Philosophy, Science, and Reason.

Once, when traveling and lecturing through the State of Illinois, we stopped in a place where a certain iron-sided Baptist clergyman, who shall be nameless, concluded to annihilate Spiritualism. He kindly sent us an invitation to come and hear him. Being of Yankee birth and education, and hence inquisitive as to how such things were done, we went to hear the celebrated divine. His very first remark will give a full and complete idea of the whole discourse. It was this: "Thank God, we have a religion that is not founded either in SCIENCE, PHILOSOPHY, or human REASON." At the close of his lecture, the Rev. gentleman asked our opinion of the discourse. We replied that we had discovered but one truth in it, and that was contained in the remark above quoted. And we have not changed our opinion to this day. But we would like to have some Doctor of Divinity tell us what his religion is founded upon, since Science, Philosophy, and human Reason are not its basic principles.

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION.—We learn by a late number of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, that there has been what they call a reconstruction of that concern. We fear, however, that the change is not for the better. When the institution was first started, we hailed its advent with pleasure, and, while in its vicinity, lent our best endeavors to sustain it. Nor have we forgotten it since we have been on this coast; a large contribution in the way of the needful, through our instrumentality, having been forwarded to its aid. It was with much regret that we read that the name of S. S. Jones was substituted by another. His name was a tower of strength, to say nothing of his actual ability, in which we have the highest confidence and trust. We have been personally acquainted with him for the last eleven or twelve years, and consider ourselves honored by the acquaintance. It seems to us that some mean personal prejudice has been the cause of his removal.

COMPLIMENTARY.—The party given to Mrs. McGill at Congress Hall on Tuesday evening last was a grand success. The hall was crowded. Joyous smiles, sparkling wit, and busy feet were keeping time to excellent music, "and all went merry as a marriage bell." If one were to judge of the number of her friends by the manifestations on that evening, they are not few, to say the least.

Impersonality, forsooth!

A new god has been set up in San Francisco by some of the daily and weekly press, and we are asked, by the unreasoning animal that weekly utters with a borrowed tongue such solemn nonsense in the *Californian*, to bow our free neck and acknowledge its domination. This shame-faced idol not long since also received the laudations of the *Bulletin*, a most noted calumniator of public men, and a falsifier of history. Now, that this Impersonality is a *false god*, whom we are called upon by false voices to worship, is easily shown. In the first place, no true man is desirous of hiding his personality, either in a lion's hide or any other. A thief will do so, by assuming an alias. A liar would be glad to do the same. Whenever a man wishes to indite a mean thing in a newspaper, or in a closed letter, he writes either anonymously, or over a signature not his own. But when he wishes to indict so mean a thing as this monster, Impersonality, he is not ashamed to do it over his own proper name. Secondly, it is no justification, because, once or twice in a century, success attends such writers as the authors of Waverley and the Letters of Junius, to say that people of small calibre should do as they did, expecting like celebrity. Neither is it advisable for men to assume the characteristics of too many of the lower animals at once. If one wishes to be an ape, let him be one, and be satisfied. But to claim to be a lion at the same time, only makes him ridiculous; and the like effect is visible whenever an ass attempts the same thing. So our would-be lion of the *Californian* has long since discovered, judging from his disappointed air. The proverb saith, "Though you bray a fool in a mortar, yet will he not repent his folly." And this fool of a pseudo-lion will continue to bray himself in untempered mortar to the end of his time, we suppose, and never once repent.

A Proposition.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—As it needs earnest and willing workers in the field of progress on our western coast, it is proposed that all who believe in the glorious truth of endless progression, and all who see that the family of man must and will fraternize, purchase as many of each issue of the BANNER OF PROGRESS as their means will allow, and distribute them among their friends and acquaintances throughout the State.

The above suggestion comes from our good friend J. M. Howe, of Sacramento. We thank him much for his earnest sympathy with us in our efforts to establish a liberal and spiritual paper on this coast; and we rejoice in being enabled to say that our present prospects give warrant of certain success.

By the kindness of Bela Marsh, the publisher, we have received a copy of the abridged *Lyceum Manual*, prepared by A. J. Davis for the use of Children's Progressive Lyceums. It is a very neat little book, about half the size of the unabridged, and can be obtained at about half the price. We think it will meet the general wants of the Lyceum, especially where the unabridged work is in the hands of the officers. Any one wishing this Manual, or any liberal or spiritual work, in any large quantity, should address Bela Marsh, No. 14 Bromfield street, Boston, Mass. He keeps a large assortment constantly on hand, and all orders are attended to with promptness and dispatch.

NEW IMPROVEMENT IN BROOMS.—Mr. John M. Kelt has shown us a broom with an improvement attached, which will delight the hearts of housekeepers who keep their houses in order. It consists of a wired tin clamp on both sides of the broom, with short copper nails extending from it partly through the broom, adding strength and durability to it, and preventing the unequal wear that usually takes place, while its elasticity is not impaired in the least. The clamp may be removed from and attached to any broom at pleasure. Mr. Kelt will soon have a depot for the sale of this article in this city.

THE "AMERICAN FLAG."—Thank God, the *American Flag* of San Francisco is to wave once more! Then we shall again have a political paper that will care more for principle than policy—that will not buy personal friendship at a sacrifice of truth—that will not cover before religious tyrants or political demagogues. The paper will be established on a financial basis so firm as to place it beyond the power of its enemies to destroy it. The publishers will commence issuing the paper on the morning of the 18th of April next.

We have sent our paper thus far to many individuals who have not yet subscribed for it, because we know they are Spiritualists; but we have had no response from them in the shape of the needful. Others have very readily given us their names, but do not come out with the cash. This number is the last we shall send to such persons until we see their three dollars each. This course we deem only simple justice to those who have paid, as well as to ourselves. Our terms mean what they say, strictly "in advance."

A WORD OF CHRISTIAN ADVICE TO THE "BULLETIN" AND "TIMES."

"Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so—"

"Little children should never let
Their angry passions rise;
Their little hands were never made
To tear each other's eyes."

We have received No. 1 of Vol. I of "The Industrial Magazine and Monthly Business Advertiser," devoted to the Interests of General Industry and to Entertaining Literature. W. F. Russell, Editor and Publisher. It is got up in good style, and breathes a spirit of generous liberality that is truly refreshing.

"God made the most of us white."

—Morning Call.

Would the *Call* be kind enough to inform us what it means by the words "most of us." Does that paper mean its own editorial corps? If so, it is pretty near right! But if the human race is meant, it is exceedingly wide of the mark.

SEVERAL interesting articles are crowded out of this issue. Among them is one from Hon. J. J. Owen of San Jose, and another from Brother S. Howard of this city. "Kitty's Trials" came too late for the Lyceum Department.

PHENOMENAL FACTS.

Physical Manifestations.

Perhaps the most extraordinary and remarkable physical manifestations of spirit power that ever took place anywhere, occurred at Sonoma, in this State, in August, 1859, and in this city in 1855-56. The former were witnessed at the residences of Gen. M. G. Vallejo and A. J. Butler, in Sonoma, and the latter at the mansion of Col. J. P. Manrow, on Russian Hill. Some curious and instructive demonstrations were also made for a long time at the adobe house of Mr. Mowry, at the corner of Broadway and Powell streets, in 1856-57-58. At Sonoma, August 29th, 1859, at the house of Mr. Butler, in the presence of Geo. Butler, his mother, Andronico Vallejo, Uladislau Vallejo, H. L. Lidstrom, and Dr. Chas. H. Van Geldern, a circle was formed, and, after various exhibitions of their power to control mediums by writing, the most vehement raps were made, on the table, under the table, and even under the floor, with such force as to shake the house. On calling for the name of the spirit manifesting, "Douglas, of London," was spelled out. The lights were then extinguished, and very soon was written, without the mediumship of any person whatever, but by the spirits themselves, in black pencil, on one piece of paper, the names of Antonio and Feliciano Pina. One of the circle, throwing a red pencil upon the table, asked if they could use that as well as a black one. The sound of the pencil was heard as if writing. Another sound was heard, of a pencil writing upon the leaf of the table at the same time. It was supposed that they were also using the black one for this purpose. On relighting the candles, the following was found written on the paper with the red pencil: "To era un espirito travieso." (I am a troublesome spirit.) And in black pencil, on the leaf of the table, was found written in a bold hand: "I am the spirit, (in allusion to the vehement raps just heard) good bye." It was ascertained that there were seven rather unruly spirits present at the sitting; and at one time it appeared as if fourteen hands were drumming on the table. After the members had been touched by the spirits in various ways, it occurred to the circle that these spirits might be induced to perform skillfully on the drum. It was regretted that the drum had not been brought from Gen. Vallejo's for this purpose. Dr. Van Geldern proposed to try the powers of the spirits by asking them to go to Vallejo's and obtain a drum, and bring it to the circle. The spirits consented to do this. The distance is a quarter of a mile. The time was then spoken of in which to accomplish this feat, and it was agreed that it should be twenty minutes. Hardly any member of the circle thought this task would be accomplished. It was now one o'clock in the morning, time having passed swiftly, owing to the intense interest excited by these occurrences. It was proposed to go into an adjoining room, while the spirits were absent, and obtain a lunch, as the physical powers of the circle were much exhausted, and the front door and that of the sitting-room could be viewed as well while thus engaged. The front door was left slightly ajar for this purpose. Before the twenty minutes had expired, the party returned to the sitting-room, bringing the light with them, to resume their places in the circle; but how great was their astonishment, while entering the room, on perceiving the drum rolling into the house, and making its way noiselessly towards the sitting room, describing in its course a segment of a circle, and appearing as though possessed of self-moving power, or as if animated! After the first effects of their amazement had subsided, the drum was examined, and it was found that only one drum-stick was attached to its side under the cords. It was taken up by one of the circle and placed upon the table. The light was then blown out, and the spirits immediately commenced tapping on the drum with the stick. Some one observed that it would be better to have both drum-sticks. So the spirits were requested to go back and get the other. After a shorter time than before, they returned with it, and dropped it on the drum. The candle was relighted for the purpose of ascertaining whether both drum-sticks were now in the room. This was proved to the satisfaction of all present, and the light was again extinguished. The spirits were now requested to use both drum-sticks, which they most decidedly refused to do by giving a powerful rap in the negative. The curiosity of the circle was again excited, and the candle was relighted; when it was discovered that one of the drum-sticks was missing, and, after search, could not be found. It was kindly asked that it should be returned, and the request was complied with. The spirits refusing again to play upon the drum, Andronico Vallejo asked if they would play upon his head. This was instantly done, and the strokes were instantly heard by every one present. The sticks were then dropped on the table. A few moments after, the drum was so forcibly and unceremoniously pushed from the table against the person of one of the members, as to leave marks of bruises which remained for more than a week. Notwithstanding this untoward occurrence, the whole circle were bent upon continuing the sitting as long as possible. The drum was replaced on the table, and to prevent any more mischievous pranks, was laid hold of by all the members. The most desperate struggle now commenced for the possession of the drum; the spirits twisting and tagging at it, and the circle holding on with all their might. Physical strength seemed to triumph for a while, and in the *melee* the light was called for, and was instantly produced by Mr. Lidstrom; which act seemed to lessen the power of the spirits to maintain their hold. The struggle was renewed in the same manner after a short rest, when the spirits upset the table, and the contest ended.

On Wednesday evening, Sept. 7th, several of the same parties were at the house of Dr. Van Geldern, when many remarkable occurrences similar to the above took place, and imitations of sawing wood, planing, boring with an auger, tacking on shingles, &c., by spirits purporting to have been carpenters, which sounds were produced on the table and on the floor while the circle were sitting very quietly as listeners.

We shall continue our record in future numbers to the present time, as space permits.

COMMUNICATIONS.

RESPONSES FROM THE PEOPLE.

SAN JOSE, Jan. 14, 1867.
 EDITORS BANNER OF PROGRESS.—I like the appearance of the BANNER much. The first number is a "specimen brick." You will need, I imagine, but little assistance in the original department. Your friends here are delighted with the paper. We intend to see to it that you have a good list of subscribers in San Jose.
 Yours truly,
 J. J. OWEN.

NAPA CITY, Jan. 18, 1867.
 MESSRS. EDITORS.—Please find inclosed three dollars, the subscription price of your paper for one year. Send me two or three copies, with which to obtain subscribers. You can rely on my aid to extend your list in this city.
 ROBERT WEST.

GRASS VALLEY, Jan. 19, 1867.
 EDITORS BANNER OF PROGRESS.—Herewith I inclose a check for twenty-four dollars, for eight copies of the BANNER, which you will please forward from the commencement. I hope to be able in a few days to forward some more names, and will do all in my power to further your views; and I trust that the BANNER OF PROGRESS will be profitable to you as well as instructive to the public.
 Already the light begins to dawn, and the new Philosophy is reflected from the valleys below to the summit of the Sierras. There is a rustling among the dry bones; life is not entirely extinct; and I hope to see our new theory doing glorious battle here for the cause of humanity. Already, in our neighborhood, old Theology begins to think "there is something in it," and some of the most manly venture to ask a question or two, when they can do so without being overheard!
 THOMAS LOYD.

SACRAMENTO, Jan. 21, 1867.
 EDITORS BANNER OF PROGRESS.—I have received two numbers of the BANNER. Inclosed is a check for fourteen dollars, for five subscribers. Four more have promised to hand me the money. I do honestly wish you all the success you can ask for your enterprise. Our Lyceum has one hundred and thirty children in attendance, rain or shine, and several times had one hundred and fifty in December. All is moving along just right.
 Yours, &c.,
 L. ARMSTRONG.

PETALUMA, Jan. 23, 1867.
 MESSRS. EDITORS.—I have just received the second number of the BANNER OF PROGRESS. The first number had been received. I inclose three dollars. Knowing the benefit of a free journal, I feel like doing what little is in my power to aid in its distribution. My time is necessarily occupied with my business, but my mind is with you, and with every progressive mind, to aid in placing before the people good and new thoughts of universal freedom to all the world. Mr. Earle left this place with four or five hundred dollars' worth of revival religion; at least, he made them think it was worth that, or he would not probably have got that amount. His idea of the unpardonable sin brought a goodly number to the anxious seat, from fear that it would be forever too late. Such teachings are ridiculous to me and to free thinkers. I have written more than I intended to, and more than may interest you; but, hoping your enterprise will prosper and grow until you are satisfactorily remunerated, I am yours in truth,
 C. P. HATCH.

WATSONVILLE, Jan. 28, 1867.
 EDITORS OF BANNER OF PROGRESS.—I want to say how well we all like the BANNER. Our first numbers are almost worn out already, as we have lent them round among the Christians. As Nasby says of the southern "chivalry" and northern manufacturers, "the cuss does not consist in using 'em, but in paying for 'em." I think you will soon have quite a long subscription list from this place. May the BANNER prosper, and may the truth it teaches be read and appreciated wherever its glorious prototype is known.
 MRS. A. J. TRIPP.

ANTIOCH, Jan. 29, 1867.
 MESSRS. EDITORS.—Your BANNER is welcomed every week, and may its aim ever be to remove from the track all impediments to the car of Progress. May its standard be Justice, implanted in the strong foundation of Liberty. Then Error shall skulk at its coming, and Peace and Good-Will be borne in its folds. I feel such a paper to be a great need on this coast, and it seems to me that the angels have a great interest therein. Let your souls speak and act, and "all is well"; for the life of our beautiful faith is in the freeness of its channels.
 Yours for Progress,
 ANNA C. BARKER.

HONOLULU, Jan. 29, 1867.
 MESSRS. EDITORS.—Inclosed please find three names of subscribers to the BANNER OF PROGRESS for one year. Please send from the first number. I will be in your city in the course of a month, and will bring you the money. If I had a few specimen numbers, I think I could procure a few more subscribers. I am glad to see the BANNER with such a smiling countenance, and so well got-up.
 Fraternally yours,
 E. G. HALL.

We wish correspondents to distinctly understand, that it is utterly useless for them to forward articles to this office for publication, without their real signature attached, even when well written and containing valuable information. Their real names will be withheld from the public whenever requested, but we must have them in our possession before their communications can appear in the paper. Furthermore, write plainly, and only on one side of the sheet; and condense your articles as much as possible, while conveying your ideas in intelligible language.

Mrs. ADA HOYT FOYE, the celebrated rapping, writing, test, and business medium, has removed from her late residence, No. 131 Montgomery street, to No. 124 Sutter street, opposite the Lick House, where she will be happy to receive her friends.

[PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.]
 To M. E. M., by Her Spirit Friends.

Come, O, come, my sister dear!
 Come, who all is bright and clear;
 Yet you cannot with us linger;
 For your earthly labors hinder.
 Raise your spirit's thoughts on high;
 Remember, we, though gone, are ever nigh;
 Waiting, with united strength and love,
 To bear you to your home above.
 Though many sorrows round you press,
 They but the things of earth express;
 Why for them, then, sigh or grieve?
 They are cares you soon will leave.
 Then gird yourself with patience, sister!
 And in your duty do not falter;
 For, when your work of life is o'er,
 We'll bear you to our happy shore.

My Church in Town.

My church in town! It fronts our square,
 With Gothic portals—Scott, designer,
 Tall spire, and painted windows rare,
 There's nothing in all London fair,
 A church that's counted "very high,"
 A ritualistic rector owning,
 Who makes a claim to heavenly fire,
 On crosses, candles, and incense.
 And crowds of worshippers come there,
 Who give one morning of the seven
 To treading with exceeding care
 A fashionable road to heaven—
 Fine ladies who long-bending pray,
 And sigh for services in Latin,
 And murmur the flesh each day
 In gleaming robes of silk and satin.
 The curate, "such a dear," you know,
 A white hand to turn his pages;
 I hardly think of Paul and John,
 When preaching to Athenian sages.
 His doctrine, if it have a fault,
 Causes much in need of force and flavor,
 And makes me think the Gospel salt
 Has very nearly lost its savor.
 Where Dives sits, I look in vain
 For Lazarus, even at the portal;
 I wonder, where their creed maintain
 The rich man only is immortal?
 And yet my mind is growling sad;
 So vain and vain is the preaching,
 That Lazarus hardly would be pleased
 To gather fragments of such teaching.
 It would be worthier of the times,
 And talk of charitable graces,
 If we took care the Sunday chimes
 Should sometimes sound in silent places.
 The brodered altar-cloth might tell
 Of pious hands and yet be plainer,
 A simpler, homelier rise were well,
 So should the poor man be a gainer.

A Rare Humorist.

Our former townsman, Geo. T. Bromley, now of the Pacific Ocean House, at Santa Cruz, is well known as a humorist. At a recent school festival in Santa Cruz, he called out and made the following side-splitting speech to the children:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I appear before you to apologize for the non-appearance of the two gentlemen whose names appear on the programme, and I am requested to make a speech as a substitute for the song they were to sing.

I was calculating to address the children upon this occasion, but unfortunately, the young lady, who was to accompany me on the piano, was so overcome by the rehearsal that she has not been one of the house since; therefore I shall have to deliver the address without the music, and leave out the most affecting part of it for fear of consequences.

If there is any one thing I love to do better than another, it is to make speeches to children, because I love them; and, in fact, I have from very good authority I was once a little boy myself, and though not as good as some little boys, yet the only reason of that was, there were some little boys that were better than I was. So you see how near I came to being one of the best boys there in the district. I mention this for your encouragement. Now, we want you all to be very good children and love your books and your teachers; yes, you must love your teachers. I love you teachers, because your teachers are the most lovable of any teachers that I ever knew; and they have worked very hard to get up the festival, to raise money to build a new school-house, and to get nice new seats for the little boys' trowsers—no, nice new trowsers for the little boys' seats. No, I don't mean that either; but I am so confused—what I mean is to get nice new seats to keep the little boys from wearing out their trowsers. Now they have worked hard to do all this, and sometimes have sat up late at nights; and I have been so sorry that I could not sit up with them and help them; but I couldn't because I had to sit up at the hotel to let in people that were out late. Now, I want you all to be good children, and never keep the man up late at the hotel to let you in, when he wants to be sitting up with your teachers, and help get up the festival to raise money to get a new floor, and all that sort of thing, for the school-house. Now, if what I am saying is too deep for you children to understand, you can get your parents to explain it to you in the morning, when they get through dancing. Oh! when I was a little boy how I did love to go to school, (Saturday afternoon), and well do I remember my first sum in arithmetic, and was very proud of it. I was so proud of it, I thought: "I can see it now as plainly as though it was but twenty-five or thirty years ago. I set it down and then I added it up. It was ought and ought to be, and ought to be ought to be ought to be the top line and it proved correct. Then I took it to the teacher, and I expected he would get me a situation in the corner grocery store, and he looked at the sum and passed back the slate, and said, 'You have figured up just about all you will ever amount to.' I didn't know at that time what he meant, but I was very much affected, and I thanked him, and asked him if I couldn't stand up and see who whispered. He said no, but I might go home and tell my mother to put a nail in my forehead to hang me up—but that was a pity to wear out good hats on such a head. We all loved that teacher—when he moved away. He was very pious, and always went to school with prayer book and a long stick, and we used to think he didn't care which—for he told us once that he was bound to have the school open on time if he had to open it with an oyster knife, he was so prompt. He used to repeat Scripture for us, but he was very forgetful, and once he tried to tell us about what is said of 'Suffer little children,' and he forgot the rest, so the little children had to suffer.

Now I want to show you the importance of improving your time. I once knew a little boy in San Jose who loved to go to school, and loved his books, and he grew up, and he became great and wise and good; and when he learned all there was in San Jose, he moved to Milpitas, and then he was made postmaster; and when the other two men moved away he set up a hotel, and he had no opposition. So you see you must love your books if you ever want to be postmaster at Milpitas. I once knew a little boy in the States who played truant and went sitting down hill, and the ice broke and he went in swimming; and what was the consequence? Why, his teacher had the quinsy sore throat and the neuralgia in his head, and couldn't sing in the choir next Sunday, and Dr. Holmes and Mr. Auld had to do all the singing. Now we want you all to love your books and your teachers, and grow up to be great and wise and good; and you will not always live in Santa Cruz; some of you may move away off, perhaps, to Soquel, and go into the flour-mill business with John Daubins, and have your names enrolled on Mr. Porter's books for groceries. And I want you all to remember what I have said; if you don't, I'm sure I shan't; but then Mr. Kooser and McQuinn are here, and they will print it all; and perhaps it will be made into a little book and put in the Sunday School library, and then you grow up and get married, and Dr. Peabody and Dr. Grant and all those other doctors bring little children to your houses, and they go to Sunday School, and some day bring home the little book with a proud moment; it will be for you, when you can stand up and say—'When that story was told, I was there.' And then, when you are called upon to make a speech at a school festival, you will know how easy it is to leave off, for I have been trying about five minutes to stop this one of mine, and now can only do so by abruptly leaving, which I thank you for your kind attention and generous applause. Good night.

"How do you like Shakespeare?" said a blue-stock young lady to an old river captain. "Don't like her at all, madam; she burns to much wood and carries too little freight."

Materialism Fairly Presented.

Never has the materialist's side of the great debate been better or more fully sustained, even by its most able advocates in civilized and enlightened communities, than in the following conversation between the celebrated explorer of the sources of the Nile, Samuel Baker, and an African chief with whom he became acquainted:

The chief, Comoro (the "Lion"), was one of the most clever and common-sense savages that I had seen in these countries, and the tribe paid far more deference to his commands than to those of his brother, "Moy," although the latter was the superior in rank.
 One day I sent for Comoro after the usual funeral dance was completed, and, through my two young interpreters, I had a long conversation with him on the customs of his country. I wished, if possible, to fathom the origin of the extraordinary custom of exhuming the body after burial, as I imagined that in this act some idea might be traced to a belief in the resurrection.

Comoro was, like all his people, extremely tall. Upon entering my tent he took his seat upon the ground, the Latookas not using stools, like the other White Nile tribes. I commenced the conversation by complimenting him on the perfection of his wives and daughters in the dance, and on his own agility in the performance, and inquired for whom the ceremony had been performed.

He replied that it was for a man who had been recently killed, but no one of great importance, the name of whose tribe being observed for every person, without distinction.

I asked him why those slain in battle were allowed to remain unburied, and he replied that he did not know. He said it had always been the custom, but that he could not explain it.

"But," I replied, "why should you disturb the bones of those whom you have never seen, and expose them on the outskirts of the town?"

"It was the custom of our forefathers," he answered, "therefore we continue to observe it."

"Have you no belief in a future existence after death? Is not some idea expressed in the act of exhuming the bones after the flesh is decayed?"

Comoro (Lion) replied: "Existence after death! How can that be? Can a dead man get out of his grave, unless we dig him out?"

"I ended." "You think man is like a beast, that dies and is ended."

Comoro—"Certainly; an ox is stronger than a man, but he dies, and his bones last longer. A man's bones break and decay."

"Is not a man superior in sense to an ox? Has he not a mind to direct his actions?"

Comoro—"Some men are not so clever as an ox. Men must sow corn to obtain food, but the ox and wild animals can procure it without sowing."

"Do you not know that there is a spirit within you more than flesh? Do you not dream and wander in thought to distant places? Never? If so, your body rests in one spot. How do you account for this?"

Comoro—"Laughing—"Well, how do you account for it? It is a thing I cannot understand; it occurs to me every night."

"The mind is independent of the body; the actual body can be better than the mind, but the mind is the body will die and will become dust, or be eaten by vultures, but the spirit will exist forever."

Comoro—"Where does the spirit live?"
 "Where does fire live? Cannot you produce a fire by rubbing two sticks together? Yet you see the fire in the wood. Has not the fire, that lies harmless and unseen, the power to consume the whole country? Which is the stronger—the small stick that first produces the fire, or the fire itself? So is the spirit the element within the body, as the element of fire exists in the stick—the element being superior to the substance."

Comoro—"Ha! Can you explain what we frequently see at night when lost in the wilderness? I have myself been lost, and wandering in the dark, I have seen a distant fire. Upon approaching, the fire has vanished, and I have been unable to trace the cause, nor could I find the stick—the stick—the element being superior to the substance."

"Have you no idea of the existence of spirits superior to either man or beast? Have you no fear of evil spirits? And you believe that when you die it will be the end of body and spirit; that you are like other animals; and that there is no distinction between man and beast—both disappear, and end at death?"

Comoro—"Of course they do."

"Do you see no difference in good and bad actions?"

Comoro—"Yes, there are good and bad in men and beasts."

"Do you think that a good man and a bad must share the same fate, and alike die, and end?"

Comoro—"Yes; what else can they do? How can they help dying? Good and bad all die."

"The good and bad, but their spirits remain—the good in happiness, the bad in misery. If you have no belief in a future state, why should a man be good? Why should he not be bad, if he can prosper by wickedness?"

Comoro—"Most people are bad; if they are strong, they take from the weak. The good people are at all weak; they are good because they are not strong enough to be bad."

Some corn had been taken out of a sack for the horses, and a few grains were lying on the ground. I tried the beautiful metaphor of St. Paul as an example of a future state. Making a small hole with my finger in the ground, I placed a grain within it. "That," I said, "represents you when you die." Covering it with earth, I continued: "That grain will decay, but from it will rise the plant that will produce a reappearance of the original form."

Comoro—"I understand so; that I understand. But the original grain does not rise again; it rots, like the dead man, and is ended. The fruit produced is not the same as that which was sown, but the production of that grain. So it is with man—I die, and decay, and am ended; but my children grow up, like the fruit of the grain. Some men have no children, and some grains perish without fruit; then all are ended."

I was obliged to change the subject of conversation. In this wild, naked, savage there was not even a superstition which to furnish religious feeling. There was a belief in matter, and to his understanding, everything was material. It was extraordinary and so much clearness of perception, combined with such complete obtuseness to anything ideal.

A young lady stepped into the store of a merchant by the name of Wade, and very innocently said she would like to be weighed (Wade). "Really, I am very sorry, said he, 'but my wife will tell you that you are too late by a couple of years.'"

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